

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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## The Most Beautiful Thing on Earth

"Paint me a picture of the most beautiful thing on earth," said the rich man to the artist, and the artist went back to his studio wondering what could be the most beautiful thing on earth, and where he was to find it.

So he sat awhile and pondered, but all his pondering did not bring him nearer to the truth, and in the evening he went to a grand reception at the house of a very celebrated man.

"I shall see something beautiful there," he said; and he hurried through the streets to be in good time, so that he might find a subject for his picture.

And the lights flashed, and music sounded gaily through the great rooms, but the artist didn't see anything that was the most beautiful thing on earth.

"There is the prettiest girl in the world," said a man near him.

And the artist's heart rejoiced, for now he thought, "I shall find the most beautiful," but when he looked at the lovely Constance he saw only the coldness of her blue eyes and the artificial curve of her full red lips, and he turned away disappointed and weary.

The next day the artist went away into the country, and wandered about the lanes and meadow-paths, in hope of finding the most beautiful thing on earth.

"I am sure to see it here," he said to himself, as he passed a white cottage covered with creepers and gay with flowers.

But he only saw the rose, and they were lovely indeed.

"They are the most beautiful things on earth," said the artist; and he put out his hand to gather some of the crimson-red blossoms; but a sharp thorn ran into his fingers, so when he drew them back they were wounded and stained with blood.

"They are not the most beautiful, after all," said the artist; and he turned homeward again with a tired heart.

Some weeks passed away, and the artist was busy with other pictures, so that he had no time to think about his painting of the beautiful. The empty canvas stood upon an easel in his studio. One day, as the artist passed it on his way out, he said to himself that it would never be done.

He went down into the busy city on business—down among the narrow courts and streets; farther on still, where the sunbeams forgot to shine, and where the air was hot and close, and everything was dark and miserable. And when his business was done he quickly retraced his steps, glad to get away from such scenes of poverty and want.

But, as he passed down a quieter court, the fragrance of mignonette greeted him, and, looking up, he saw on a little window-ledge a pot of the pretty, perfumed plant, and at the same moment, a sweet voice sounded from the open casement; and the artist, hearing it, forgot his weariness and his hurry, and went up the narrow, broken stairs, leading to the attic-room.

The door was half-open, and he caught a glimpse of the bare interior—the wretched, dreary room, whose only beautiful object was apparently the pot of mignonette; but the owner of the voice was there, bending over a poor bed in the corner, on which lay the wasted form of a dying child.

They were both children—beautiful, despite the pallor that rested on the face of the younger and the deep sadness on that of her sister. She was holding the thin hands in her own. She was speaking again. "Darling! you are going home to where the star-flowers grow! The angels will carry you, dear; so that you won't be tired any more! But, oh, darling! I love you so much, and you love me; and you will never, never forget me, will you, dear?"

And the pale lips of the dying child murmured something.

The artist guessed that it was the sought-for answer, for the sister had laid her fair head down on the small pillow, and together they slept—the sleep that was to end in death for one of them.

"I have found the most beautiful thing on earth," said the artist. "It is love."

But he got help very soon, and food and clothing for the little living sister, who was weeping over the child that had been carried home by the angels to rest; and then he took her with him to his own bright home, and told her that she should live with him and be his sunbeam and his little girl.

And when the rich man saw her picture the artist had painted—the two pale children in the lonely room, with the Peace of Love on their calm faces—he remained looking at it for a long time, with tears in his eyes; and, when he turned away at last, he only said:

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven!"—Augusta Hancock in the Canadian.

## DETROIT

News items intended for this column should be sent to Mrs. Lucy E. May, 2534 Ottawa St., Detroit, Mich. Such news items from Detroiters and vicinity as well as from the deaf of Michigan will be most welcome and have prompt attention.

Mr. Frank Bialk died in the General Hospital, Thursday morning, November 24th, from a long illness with tuberculosis and cancer of the stomach. He was educated at Norris Institute School for the Deaf. He leaves his wife and one son, eight years old.

Mrs. Bertha Toegel's only son, died suddenly last November 21st, from high blood pressure, heart trouble. He grieved over his son's death who was drowned last early Fall. He leaves his wife, mother and two sisters.

Mrs. L. LaPorte entertained about twenty-five friends at her home on December 3d, in honor of Mrs. W. K. Liddy, of Windsor, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Darling had a surprise party at their house on December 3d. Many friends were there and entertained them very pleasantly, and then went to the N. F. S. D. social at the G. A. R. building. There was a Keno social. Mrs. Clara Hellers, one of luckiest prize winners, got a very beautiful floor lamp.

Mrs. A. Webster's father, who was sick with lobar pneumonia only eleven days, passed away at his home on November 27th.

On December 3d, at the St. John's Community House, there was a meeting of the Ladies' League, who elected new officers. The writer was re-elected as president; Mrs. Platt, Vice-president; Mrs. H. B. Waters, secretary; Mrs. McSparrin, assistant secretary; Mrs. Affeldt, re-elected treasurer; Mrs. Schneider, sergeant.

On December 9th, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rollins arranged the Keno social at St. John's Parish House. There was a very good attendance of eighty people. Refreshments were served before departure.

The Catholic Association of the Deaf had a Christmas festival at St. Mary's Hospital on December 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. McSparrin and children were in Flint, to spend the Thanksgiving Day with the latter's brother and family.

Mrs. Ivan Heymansson's brother, who is confined to the sanitarium in Hot Springs, Ark., is much improved at present.

Rev. H. B. Waters' sons, who attended the Flint school, spent the Thanksgiving Day with them.

The Currys, of Toledo, O., spent Thanksgiving Day with the Hellers.

Mr. John Berry, of Royal Oak, gave an interesting lecture about Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet on December 10th, as it was his birthday, at the C. A. D. There was a good crowd and his lecture was a very good treat.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, of Brightmoor, Mich., died of pneumonia three weeks ago. The Jenkinses were from Kentucky.

Mrs. L. MAY.  
**Pacific Northwest Services**  
(Episcopal)  
Rev. Elder Hanson, Missionary  
Seattle, first and third Sunday, 11 A.M.  
Thomsen Chapel of St. Mark's Cathedral,  
10th Ave. and E. Galer St.  
Tacoma, January 8th, 1:15 P.M. Christ  
Church, N. 3d and K. St.  
Vancouver, Wash., January 22d, 2 P.M.  
St. Luke's  
Portland, Ore., January 22d, 4:30 P.M.  
St. Stephen's Cathedral, 13th and Clay.

## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

### TORONTO TIDINGS

Mr. Maxwell McGregor, of Nanapanee, was in this city recently greeting old schoolmates and friends.

Our Sunday afternoon services are being frequently augmented by gracefully rendered hymns and solos. On December 11th, a very beautiful solo was very pleasingly rendered by the Misses Carrie Buchanan and Erna Sole. It was entitled, "Take the Name of Jesus With You."

The meeting of the Bridgen Literary Society scheduled for the evening of December 16th, did not materialize for reasons the writer has not yet learned.

Our Women's Association staged a moving picture entertainment in the Bridgen-Nasmith Hall at our church on December 17th, and a fair crowd turned out. The W. A. intended voting on their official list for the ensuing year, but there was not a quorum to warrant this.

A young and promising Bible student, named Mr. F. Bracken, who is taking up missionary studies at the Toronto Bible Training School, was the principal speaker at our service on December 11th, and gave a most interesting and driving address admonishing all to hold firm to faith in the Lord. Mrs. Annie Byrne acted as interpreter. Upon his graduation, Mr. Bracken hopes to carry on in distant fields.

There was a jolly time spent in playing games, contests and dancing, at the comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Scott on Waverly Road on Friday evening, December 9th.

It was a surprise party planned and gotten up by her own husband, and Robert Robertson, and was a complete success. A large number participated in the festivities in honor of Mrs. Scott's natal day, and he said Mrs. Scott was well-remembered with a beautiful and handsome bedroom clock by her many well wishers. Hearty refreshments were served, and all prepared for slumberland after midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roman were surprised yet delighted to receive a visit from Mr. Maxwell McGregor and Mr. Clyde Dow on December 12th, with whom they had tea. The visitors had motored up from Nanapanee for a brief visit to old friends here.

Mr. Dow lives at Canterbury, York Co., New Brunswick, and he and his wife and two children were on a motor trip to the West, where a cousin of Mr. Dow lives, and whose wife is rather poorly, and who wanted the Dows to come up and help them with the work, but on arriving at Nanapanee found Mrs. McGregor very sick and in need of help, so the Dows are remaining there for a while. Mr. Dow and Mrs. Roman were classmates at the Fredericton, N. B., School for the Deaf many years ago, and this was the first meeting between them in the past thirty years. How great was Mrs. Roman's delight to hear through Mr. Dow of the doings of her former deaf friends down in the land of "Evangeline," whom she had not heard of or seen for ages. Mr. Dow attended the Fredericton School for several years, and when it was closed for good, he went and attended the one at St. John's, N. B., for a term. He married Miss Hattie Shaw, of Carleton, N. B., who was also an old schoolmate of Mrs. Roman, and whom she has not seen for over a quarter of a century. The Dows have two children, and Mr. Dow says when he leaves Nanapanee on his way west, he will visit Toronto again with his wife and children. He says business conditions are terrible down in the Maritime provinces.

On Monday evening, December 12th, our Young People's Society met for its bi-monthly meeting, and in spite of the inclement weather a goodly number turned out. As usual, Mr. Shilton conducted a devotional period, dwelling especially on the aim and objects of the Oxford Group Movement, which is just now in Toronto. This was followed by Mr. Charles A. Elliott, who kindly gave an interesting lecture on the earthworm. A thing so little known by the public, but proves to be one of the best benefactors of man, notwithstanding its insignificant size.

This worm is declared the greatest miller in the world. It keeps the earth soft and easy to cultivate, wherever it is found in large numbers. It never does anybody harm, but has numerous enemies. Yet it is able to hold its own, and to do good work for humanity. But for its keeping the earth soft, the ground would become hard and impossible for farming and planting, as well as growing things of all kinds. A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Elliott was made, with the hope that he could return and give another lecture before long.

On Monday, December 12th, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel H. Bell motored in from Birch Cliffe, and picking up Mrs. Harry Mason, continued on to Oakville for a visit to Mrs. R. M. Thomas. On their return, they brought along Mrs. Thomas, who may remain with Mrs. Mason here for the winter.

We were delighted to meet our friends, the Misses Laura and Catherine Tudhope and their mother from Orillia, who came down on December 15th, to visit relatives and old friends. Mrs. Tudhope and Laura returned home the same day, but Catherine remained here for a few days longer.

Once more the sunny countenance of our good friend, Mrs. Stanley B. Wright of Bobcaygeon, bobbed up in our midst over the week-end of December 17th. She and her cousin, Mrs. A. Booth, of this city, attended our service on December 18th, and the following day, they had tea at "Mora Glen." Before coming into this city, Mrs. Wright was the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Preston, at Newtonville Station for a week.

Mr. Robert Brackenborough, who has been working at the shipping docks at Depot Harbor since early last spring, has come to spend the winter with his parents in this city.

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### MONTREAL MENTIONS

We learned with great regret of the death of our good old friend, Mr. Abraham L. Roman, who died in Toronto recently. He was born, and brought up in this city, and during his residence here had won the love and respect of a large circle of friends. "Abbie" was a genial favorite when living here. To his bereaved widow, his deaf brother, William, and other relatives, we extend our warmest sympathy.

Mr. Paul Gervais treated the Frats here, and others to a magic lantern entertainment on Saturday evening, December 3d, and we understand an enjoyable evening was spent by the fair crowd present.

Miss Winnie Dickson, of South Montreal, was among those invited to the oyster supper, provided by the French students at the Mile End School for the Deaf. Mr. Alexander Gervais was chairman, and a very good time was reeled off. This was Miss Dickson's first time at a Catholic social.

We are pleased to say that our old friend, Mr. Reginald Garner, who is recovering in the Sudbury Hospital from his recent near fatal accident, is steadily gaining in strength though he is unable to walk as yet. This contradicts all previous rumors that he had passed away.

Mr. Neil A. McGillivray, of Toronto, was in this city a few days prior to Christmas, on his way to St. John's, Que., to spend the happy Yuletide with his wife and her parents in that city.

The Montreal Association of the Deaf held a whist and card game party at its headquarters on Saturday evening, December 10th, and a good attendance was on hand. Miss Winnie Dickson and Mr. Bradley were among the lucky prize winners.

The death of this city and elsewhere extend heartfelt condolence to Mr. Stanley Walker upon the death of his wife, who passed through the Eternal Corridors on November 17th, in her forty-fourth year from heart trouble and pneumonia. Besides her sorrowing husband, late President of the Montreal Association of the Deaf, she also leaves two sons, aged fifteen and thirteen years, respectively, and an adopted daughter, aged two years. The deceased was a hearing lady, but thoroughly conversant in our sign-language, and was greatly respected by a large circle of friends.

The "Silent Reaper" again invaded the precincts of our quiet community, and carried off another beloved friend on December 9th, in the person of Mrs. Rosie Eva Silverman, widow of the late Joseph Baker, of Boston, Mass., and only daughter of the late Simon Silverthorn, of this city. The deceased died of pneumonia, and the remains were gently laid to rest in Mount Royal Cemetery of this city, the funeral service being held at the Chapel of Joseph Wray and Brother, on Mountain Street. Quite a good number of the deaf attended the last rites, with Mrs. McLean interpreting for them. The late Mrs. Baker was a graduate of the Mackay School for the Deaf.

### GENERAL GLEANINGS

We learn with deep regret of the passing away of our old friend and Belleville school graduate, Miss Flora McMillan, at her home in Dutton on December 14th. The deceased had been a sufferer from an incurable ailment for over a year.

There was a good mission meeting in Cobourg on December 11th, with Mr. John T. Shilton, of Toronto, as the speaker. The weather was everything but pleasant, yet the deaf of that neighborhood came in to hear the Gospel Tidings.

Mrs. William Riberdy, of Detroit, has just returned home from a pleasant visit to friends in Flint and Swartz Creek.

We regret to say that Mrs. William Hagen is not so well as her friends would hope for, but is receiving all the best comforts that can be given at the sanitarium at Freeport.

Miss Helen A. Middleton, of Niagara Falls, Ont., spent a pleasant week-end of December 10th, with Mr. and Mrs. William Hallett at Niagara Falls, N. Y., and with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Webber at LaSalle, N. Y.

We notice by your Seattle correspondent that our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bradshaw, have settled in that beautiful city for good. The deaf up there find in Tom a good story teller, which reminds us of the days gone by when he would crack many a conundrum amid thunderous laughter.

Quite a comfortable crowd greeted Mr. Frank E. Harris, of Toronto, as he addressed the mission meeting in Kitchener on December 11th, in spite of stormy weather. The meetings in that city will still be held at the Barton St. Baptist Church.

Mr. Alfred Chapleau, a sixty-year-old deaf French Canadian, living in Terrebonne, Que., was shot and killed by his brother, who mistook him for a burglar. The latter had repeatedly called to him to halt, but getting no answer, fired the fatal shot.

Mr. John A. Jagoe was again elected mayor of the city of St. Thomas for 1933. He is the father of our two deaf friends, the Misses Alberta and Vedina Jagoe. The former is now in Orillia, while Vedina died in her sixth year.

### NOW HE SEES, HEARS AND SPEAKS

After living many years deprived of the light of this discordant sphere unable to hear the sound or music of man or instrument and unable to speak in accents sweet and clear, our good old friend, Mr. Abraham Lincoln Roman, now sees charms of immortality, hears the triumphant songs and psalms of praises of the everlasting Angels, and speaks in an accent that is more sweet, more touching and more distinct than any human voice here below. So saith the Lord, "Let there be Light." "Thou Shalt Hear My Call" and "Thou Shalt Speak of Thy Father," and these are the privileges our friend Abie now enjoys.

Wholly unexpected and with startling suddenness, Mr. Roman departed from the portals of this life at his home at 189 Parkmount Road, in the early hours of Friday morning, December 2d, in the fifty-first year of his life. Although he had been somewhat ill of late, no one ever thought of the worst to come, but such is fate.

The funeral took place on December 5th, to Norway Cemetery and was very largely attended, a greater portion of which were his deaf friends. The Rev. Mr. Watch officiated, with Mrs. Annie Byrne interpreting and the minister, who by the way, is a great friend of the deaf, spoke very touchingly of the deceased and of his wonderful forbearance under such a triple handicap.

The late Mr. Roman was born in Montreal, Que., on the 9th of August, 1881, being the youngest in the family of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Roman, of which there were six children. At the age of nine "Abbie," as all loved to call him, entered the Mackay School for the Deaf at Montreal, where he made great strides in learning, and on his graduation in 1901 he was a very clever young man. During his sojourn at school, he was appointed to the committee of the Mackay School hockey team, though he never played in its matches. After finishing school he worked with his father at the Montreal Shirt and Overalls Co., Ltd., until his father passed away then came to Toronto in 1912 and made his home with his deaf brother, William, until July 17th, 1918, when he was united in holy wedlock to Miss Margaret Girvan, of Toronto, who survives, to whom and other relatives we extend our most heartfelt sympathy.

The pallbearers at his funeral were Messrs. Ernest Mendels and Frank Redlich (nephews), Mr. Craig (a neighbor) and his deaf friends, George Brethour, Colin McLean and Charles A. Elliott. Besides a faithful wife, he leaves to mourn his loss, two brothers, William, of Toronto and Marcus, of Montreal, and three sisters, Mrs. Rebecca Mendels, of Smiths Falls, Mrs. Bertha Redlich, of Montreal and Mrs. Ella Klopot, of Gloversville, N. Y., U. S. A. No one misses "Abbie" more than does his deaf brother, William, who is afflicted in the same way as he was, and it was very familiar every Sunday, after our service, to see them sitting side by side in their customary places talking to each other on various topics, and often would their numerous friends interrupt them with warm handshakes and hearty greetings. Let it be said that in spite of his triple affliction, the deceased was of a wonderful nature, never complaining, even of the slightest infringement, never uttering an offensive word, never frowning upon any hindrance in his way, but always showing a buoyant spirit to all who conversed with him, and above all he had an abiding faith in his Master, whom he has now gone to meet on the Sands of Gold in a Home of Everlasting Glory.

He always did his best to please  
Despite his darkened way,  
And never that would offend  
He never dared to say.

If there arose a discussion  
Of any significance  
Instead of taking sides, he chose  
To brush aside the difference.

God bless our good and faithful friend,  
Who now has gone along,  
To hear in rhythms, sweet and low,  
The angels' vernal song.

Wherein a sphere of wondrous love  
He'll sing God's praises bright  
And there behold, on sands of gold  
The Everlasting Light.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

What Bloodhounds Can Do

Bloodhounds are interested not in attacking a fugitive, but in following his trail. The ability of a bloodhound to follow even an old trail, as told Derieux in the *America Magazine*, is truly remarkable.

Fifty hours after the robbery of a mail train at Casper, Wyoming, two bloodhounds were put on the trail of the bandits and at once led the officers into the desert. During a thirty-six-hour run the dogs did not hesitate once and finally reached the criminals, who surrendered without resisting.

The trail was "cold," but on the other hand few if any tracks had crossed it. For that reason this incident may seem even more remarkable than the one just narrated. In Nebraska a man once tried to kidnap a girl. Twelve hours after the attempt two bloodhounds were put on his trail; they followed it almost twenty miles to a town that was holding a fair.

The streets were crowded, and people, thinking no doubt that the hounds were a part of the entertainment, stopped to watch them. Suddenly the dogs turned, nudged their way through the crowd and with wagging tails stopped in front of a certain man. The fellow was amazed and indignant when the officers told him that he was under arrest; but six hours later he confessed the crime!

## Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Frank Messenger entertained the Bridge Club, Saturday night. A delightful luncheon was served and a good time had by all.

Little Henry Zink, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zink, is slowly recovering after a long illness in the Goodwin Home for Children, at Williamsville, N. Y.

Miss Agnes Palmgreen spent the week-end with her parents in Trumansburg, N. Y.

Misses Mable and Iva Ford, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., called on Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snyder and other friends one day, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seely and Mrs. Edward Schurr, of Clarence, N. Y., called on Mrs. Wm. Haenszel, who has been in the City Hospital nearly two years or more. She was delighted to see them. While here they also made several other calls, one on Mrs. Hubert Bromwich.

Mrs. Wm. Miller is recovering from a severe cold that has kept her confined to her bed for several days.

Mrs. Nellie Herman entertained the Sewing Club for the hard of hearing, Wednesday, in honor of Miss Ella Grieviers' birthday. Luncheon was served and every one had a good time.

Mrs. Hubert Bromwich recently entertained the Kicuwa Club in the good old-fashioned way, "sewing carpet rags," which she crochets into beautiful rugs. In return for our service, Mrs. Bromwich served a luncheon and every one was delighted at the way things were sewed.

Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Weil are now entertaining a cousin of Mrs. Weil's, Bernice Frieberg, of Seattle, Washington. Miss Frieberg has been traveling since May. She came around by boat by way of Panama to New York City, around to Buffalo. She is planning to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Weil for a month.

The Kicuwa Club held a benefit and social at the Central Y. W. C. A., Wednesday, December 14th. It was for the benefit of the Joint Charities and Community Fund, for the deaf. Bridge, Pedro, and hearts were played.

Miss Catherine Lehman, chairman, assisted by Mrs. Gladys Grover, who is President. Other officers, who assisted are: Mrs. Mary Johnson, Vice-President; Mrs. Carrie Ode Bromwich, Secretary; Miss Eleanor Atwater; Treasurer, Miss Charlotte Schwager; Miss Metha Kinn, Mrs. Rose Miller Ode, Miss Agnes Palmgreen, Mrs. Jessie Wood Zink.

Mrs. Albert Basher has returned home after spending some time with her aunt and friends in New York City.

On December 21st, there will be a supper and Christmas Party given by the Frats of Buffalo, at the Food Craft Shoppe on Main St.

Rev. Herbert C. Merrill will hold service at the Church rooms on East North St., January 1st, 1933, to which every one is most heartily invited to attend, at 10:30 A.M. Rev. Mr. Merrill holds service in Buffalo once a month.

Rev. Ernest J. Scheibert, of Detroit, Mich., held service at the Calvary Evangelical Lutheran Church, on December 18th. Mr. Scheibert is a hearing son of deaf parents. Rev. Mr. Scheibert also holds service once a month for the deaf in Buffalo, to which every one is invited.

The Kicuwa Club held a Christmas Party, Saturday evening, December 17th, at the Y. W. C. A. Each member invited a friend. There were games, and presents for everybody.

The luncheon table was most beautifully decorated. The center pieces were a Christmas tree with colored lights and a vase of poinsettias placed at each end.

Christmas carols were recited. There were twenty present, and they enjoyed themselves. G. G.

## St. Thomas' Mission for the Deaf

Bodinger Memorial Chapel, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.  
Rev. A. O. Steidemann, minister in charge.  
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School teacher.  
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.  
Woman's Guild, Second Thursdays, 2 P.M.  
Lectures, first and third Sundays 7:30 P.M.  
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 7:30 P.M.  
Guild meetings, lectures and socials in the Tuttle Memorial, 1210 Locust Street.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1932

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor  
WILLIAM A. RENNERT, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1634 Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS

One Copy, one year, \$2.00  
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M. New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Whenever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-blessed sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### Christmas Greetings

EACH year at Christmas time the editor of this newspaper is cheered with missives of good-will from legions of friends both deaf and hearing. Most of these kindly greetings have been responded to in kind, but it has been manifestly impossible to personally extend good wishes to many of the deaf friends in all parts of the country who have and hold his most affectionate regards. Therefore, all who read this brief paragraph are asked to believe that a personal omission to send a missive should be charged to an oversight, and should not be interpreted as intended neglect.

Among the original poetical sentiments expressed and appreciated was the following from one of our prominent deaf poets, George M. Teegarden of Wilkensburg, Pennsylvania.

### A CHRISTMAS TRINITY

Love and Faith and Hope combined  
Lead to the peace of humankind;  
These three—the Trinity of life—  
Are surely earned by constant strife.  
Faith gives courage to the soul  
To toil and strive unto the goal,  
And Hope forever in the heart  
Will always shine and cheer impart;  
Love is the crown of our desire—  
Gives tone to all that we aspire.  
This Trinity was born of Christ  
And all our joys were by Him priced.  
So may the joy of Christmas tide  
Be yours and with you e'er abide.

It is seldom the deaf world is treated with a verse from the pen of the erudite Dr. James L. Smith, of Fairbault, Minnesota, and although he is a wise and forceful editorial writer as well as a keen observer of the educational affairs of the deaf, few have been the examples of being inspired by the "divine affluents." Dr. Smith dashes off the subjoined verse:

Peace be with you, good will attend you,  
Filling your heart with Christmas cheer;  
Joy unfold you, Fortune befriended you,  
Making for you a happy year.

No one will be surprised at anything clever or poetical emanating from the brain of J. Frederick Meagher, of Chicago, Ill. He pens ornate prose or cheerful poetry at will. He sends along with his card of good wishes the following personal prod in his customary cleverness in metrical lines:

For four and fifty years he's ruled  
Where Fanwood tykes are duly schooled  
On artless asterisks;  
With rusty, ruthless shears he'd hunk  
From out my copy reams of bunk  
With a waste-basket whisk.  
I hope I've wrote four and fifty years  
I hope I'll have Herr Hodgson's cheers—  
And be as bright and brisk.

All of the above messages are brief and forceful expressions, in which much is conveyed in a minimum of words.

Perhaps it would be pertinent to quote a verse that was printed many years ago in a paper published at the Berkeley, Cal., Institution. It is not the volume of phrases, but the worth of what is said, that should guide and inspire writers.

"Some writers give in stately lines and solemn  
The pith of thought profound,  
While others fill up column after column  
With words that only sound.  
But let us not forget the humble singer,  
Who lightly trolls his lay,  
Whose words in memory oftentimes outliving  
What sober pundits say."

### Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes

By the will of Miss Ella Russell, who died at her home in Hotel Van Rensselaer, New York, "the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, of 511 West 148th Street," will receive \$2,000.

## OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

December 20th and 21st saw most of the five hundred pupils homeward bound to remain till January 3d. Those remaining will be well entertained and the time will pass quickly. December 19th, a very fine Christmas entertainment was given in the chapel, and then the whole school led by Santa Claus went to the pupils' dining room, and each received a box of candy, ice-cream, ball of popcorn and nabisco wafers. A lovely tree was at one side of the room, and tables were decorated with poinsettias from the school conservatory.

The depression seems to make little difference to Cupid, as he seems as busy as even in Ohio. Miss Ada Lauver, who has been the girls' supervisor for some years, has resigned to become the wife of a hearing gentleman. This marriage we hear is to be celebrated early in January.

On January 14th, Mrs. Ella Steele, formerly of Akron, but now living with her daughter, Mrs. Russell Moore, in Worthington, will become the wife of Mr. John E. Pershing, of Fort Wayne, Ind. Both are well-known Ohio deaf people. Mr. Pershing has a good position with the International Harvesting Company as a draftsman. He is, I think, a relative of the great General Pershing.

At noon on December 27th, Miss Ethelburga Zell and Mr. Earl Mather, of Richmond, Ind., were united in marriage at the bride's pretty home in Grandview, in the presence of relatives only. The officiating minister was Rev. Wicker of the Grandview Community Church. The bride's mother, Mrs. Ella A. Zell, interpreted to the happy couple. Mr. Ernest Zell gave his sister away, a very fitting act, as the two have been very congenial companions always. Mr. Ernest Mather acted as best man for his brother. (Please note that all the first names of those in the wedding party begin with an "E," and E often stands for excellent).

The wedding breakfast was served by a well-known Columbus caterer—the Little Gray House on Broad Street.

The couple left for a motor trip, and spent the week-end of the New Year at the Mather home in Richmond. No cards announcing the marriage were sent out.

Mrs. Mather is one of our good teachers, and will continue her work in our school.

Thus ends a courtship of some years, and friends join in extending congratulations and best wishes to the couple.

The Frat Festival comes off December 31st, at the K. of P. Hall on South High Street. It is to begin at one o'clock in the afternoon, and close promptly at midnight. Mr. Arthur Anderson is general chairman, and is to be ably assisted by Frats of known ability.

On Christmas Day, Rev. F. C. Smielau will celebrate Holy Communion at Trinity Parish House for the Columbus deaf at 10:45 A.M., with an appropriate sermon.

Friday, November 18th, proved an unlucky day for Mr. L. P. Herzer, the well-known shoe repairer of Cincinnati; on that day while hurrying with a big bundle of leather under his arm, he was struck by an automobile, and given a bump that threw him about fifteen feet. He received some painful bruises, but no bones were broken, and he went on his way. He claims the bundle of leather saved him from serious injury as the leather showed many deep scratches, and he was thankful the cow hide got more than he did.

The members of the Cameron Methodist Church in Cincinnati, are very proud of their church now, as scrubbing, painting, and so on, has changed an abandoned church into a nice place for them. The place was inspected and approved by all who attended the Thanksgiving Day dinner given by the energetic ladies of the church.

This M. E. Church will have a Christmas party for children Christmas afternoon, with the music directed by Mrs. Elizabeth Vance, assisted by Mrs. Herzer and Mrs. A. Bender. In the future, the church will be designated as the community center for the Cincinnati deaf. From all accounts, the members are wide-awake and eager to build up their church membership.

The Hard Times Party, given by the Toledo Frats, while not largely attended, was an enjoyable party. Mr. H. Eller was the chairman, and was helped by Mr. N. Henick, S. Henry, and E. McVicker, and they all

proved that men can cook. About one month ago, Mr. Jay Trip, of Toledo, met with an accident, while at work at his place of employment, and the result was a fractured skull. He received about three hundred dollars for his four weeks of disability, from the N. F. S. D. and insurance firms.

Mrs. Victoria Cowden and Mrs. N. Henick, of Toledo, spend a few days last week with friends in Battle Creek, Mich.

Superintendent E. R. Abernathy has been confined to his room this week, suffering from a bad cold. Principal R. Nilson with his wife and daughter will spend Christmas, and a few days with Mrs. Nilson's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md.

At the Christmas party at the school, December 19th, Mrs. J. W. Jones with her daughter, Miss Carrie Jones, and Mrs. Marquis, were among the interested visitors, and were given a hearty welcome by the students and teachers. All were glad to see Mrs. Jones looking so well.

We have one gentleman teacher, who is always so helpful to the lady teachers at home-going time, and takes many more than his share of pupils to the station in the early morning, and the women surely appreciate his help, for they can go right from their homes to the station without stopping at the school. This much appreciated teacher is Mr. William H. Zorn.

Miss Elizabeth Moss was the guest of Miss Ethelburga Zell, December 19th and 20th, when she stopped over on her way home to enjoy her Christmas vacation.

### Human Nature in Hens

For the summer vacation there are few more diverting recreations than studying animals. And to observe animal nature you need not go far afield or be equipped with expensive apparatus. It is enough to use your eyes and ears near home. There is much to be learned about all the barnyard inhabitants, and the most interesting of them, perhaps because they are the most irritating, are the hens.

They are the most widely distributed of all the domesticated animals, for they are found in almost every part of the globe that is inhabited by human beings, among the savages of little-explored regions as well as in the back yards of civilization. Even the families who make their homes on the canal and river barges of Europe keep hens.

Hens have been associated with man for a long time; they are mentioned in some of the oldest texts. Many of their traits are so like those of human beings that certain observers have concluded that a hen on the highroad is the ultimate symbol of human nature.

However that may be, it is easy for anyone to notice instances in which hens act like the higher bipeds. They are snobbish. If you introduce a new hen to a flock, the older residents will at once attack her; and until she has proved her qualities, she will be kept away from the feed box at least until the old-timers have had their fill.

At night she will not be permitted to roost among the native daughters, but must find a peg apart in the slum corner of the henhouse. When the flock is roaming the fields she will be "cut" and left to scratch for herself; but if she finds a good place for worms, the old settlers will "jump her claim" as soon as they discover her luck.

But in fear in trouble hens, like human beings are likely to forget their social distinctions. If at the end of the day the flock finds that the wind has shut the henhouse door and that they must seek shelter under a bush, they will all huddle together, immigrants and native stock, without discrimination.

Among hens as among human beings the strongest and boldest rule. If there is a rooster, his leadership is accepted without a dissenting squawk; but if all are hens, there is sure to be a fight to determine who is to be the social arbiter. In picking roosting places for the night, hens observe a system of rank as rigid as that of a diplomatic dinner in Washington. If a pariah ventures to push in among the aristocrats on the top roost, the others peck her until she returns to her proper station.

Once the hen leader has been chosen, there is little insurgency, but let the social boss weaken and woe unto her! A rival is always ready to take her place. And in eliminating competitors, hens are most businesslike. If a hen feels under the weather or is injured, there is none so magnanimous as to refrain from giving her a stab. If she disappears for a time to hatch a brood, she must give strict account of herself upon her return. But no matter how meek a hen has been when she becomes a mother dety the queen of the flock in defense of her young. Similar new courage has been noticed in human mothers.

Order and system clear the way for concentration on the main issue.

Those who have greatness thrust upon them frequently have it taken from them equally abruptly.

### Saving the Cook

By Charles Tenney Jackson

For two months the crew of the Swan Island wireless station had been without a ship. Now, while the Memphian drew away southward on the smooth Caribbean, everyone in the launch that was towing the supply lighter back to the cove was deep in his letters and newspapers from home—all except Roger Carolan, the seventeen-year-old assistant engineer who was steering the launch.

The wireless station crew, cooped up on that little lonely island, had been almost out of provisions. Therefore, when Roger saw a dilapidated old canoe putting out to meet them and recognized old Woolly, the West Indian cook, he shouted a greeting.

"Hitch on, Woolly! You got to cook white man's grub now! No more yams and cocoanuts and tough chickens! How about it, Mr. Pemberton?"

Pemberton, the chief operator, Ensign Stanfield of the Navy Reserve and the five other men looked up from their reading to laugh. They shouted friendly banter at Woolly, as the cook brought his canoe alongside the big punt lighter that the launch was towing.

Now that the war was over, the excitement had gone from their lone-some job; even Ensign Stanfield found that his governmental supervision was nominal, for there was never a more loyal crowd than those young radio men. Their principal job was to keep in relay touch with the vessels of the great fruit company that plied between tropical America and the United States. When they were not working they swam in the wondrous surf of the beach or played baseball with the natives of the coconut plantation that covered half of the tiny island.

Roger Carolan, who had come down from the United States as assistant second-shift engineer, kept himself busy by studying wireless telegraphy under the operators. Swan Island was a good place in which to save money; Roger figured that besides learning a skilled profession and serving his country he would save a thousand dollars in the year he was to stay.

Nevertheless, now that the war was finished, and no more exciting news was coming over the wire, Roger had begun to find time hanging on his hands. After two more "ships," as the fellows figured their chronology on Swan Island, his year would be up, and he could take the third vessel for the homeland.

The first stars were coming out when the little launch turned the low point to the cove where it was to moor for the night. The next day they would carry the barrels of crude oil and the boxed supplies up the beach to the quarters. Many a time, with a sea running, the wireless crew had had exciting times getting their stuff ashore, for the island had no harbor.

"Great luck this trip!" cried the chief operator. "I guess we can lay everything out tonight and celebrate. Boys, I'm off of Woolly's yams and thin roosters for life now."

The West Indian cook had climbed up on the lighter now and was contentedly sitting on a barrel near the middle, waiting until the launch should tow the bulky craft to the stout floating buoy that was set perhaps two hundred feet off the beach. When a northwesterly blew, it was only that buoy which kept the two craft of the wireless station from being heaved ashore.

The jovial crew on the launch gave a yell when the lights of the house among the palm trees on the hill came into view. Roger could see the buoy now, but he kept on past it; there was no fear of a surf's running in the cove tonight, and he intended to beach the lighter where they could unload her more easily. As he was heading in he heard a shout from Ensign Stanfield in the stern. Turning, he saw the ensign pointing at the lighter.

"Woolly! He's dumped his pipe down in the machine waste, or something. Beat it out, Woolly!"

Roger saw a wisp of thin smoke rising from the lighter. The old man was standing over it, beating vigorously with his hands and ragged hat. The curl of smoke began to grow blacker, and Woolly fought it more energetically.

Then he stood up, gasping with a long "Woo-ee!"

"The bilge of that boat is full of oil!" roared Pemberton. "A barrel was leaking when the Memphian dumped it on us!"

"Got to get it out, that's all," said Stanfield coolly. "Back round, Roger, quick!"

Suddenly a smoky tongue of flame licked the barrels. The grizzled old cook gave one look at it and ran to the other end of the scow. He had scarcely reached it when the dull flame flashed almost white and hid him from view.

"Send her ahead!" Stanfield shouted to Roger. "The gas will go next!" Then, turning, the ensign yelled to the terrified Woolly to jump. The sudden flames had cut the old man off from his canoe. Pemberton was jerking at the towline to free it from the bitt. There were eight barrels of crude fuel oil and six drums of gasoline on the lighter, and the bilge water was thick with old accumulations of greasy waste and other debris. A spark down in that oily cotton from Woolly's pipe had smoldered away until it had been fanned to life; and

in beating it the old man had merely scattered the fire among the oil-soaked timbers and barrels.

"Always knew that was going to happen!" shouted Pemberton. "And nobody noticed that the old Indian was smoking on the punt! Month's oil is gone! Fine fix—fine fix!"

The towline parted, and the launch shot on swiftly, while the crew yelled for Woolly to jump and swim for it. There was no need to endanger the launch by going back for him, for old Woolly had already disappeared in the water. As a tongue of flame leaped higher from the punt, Roger saw Woolly's black head and shoulders cleaving the water shoreward past the mooring buoy.

"Well, this is certainly a joke!" growled Pemberton. "But I wouldn't go near that stuff for the best job in the company's service!"

"Good thing the grub's on the launch," answered Stanfield, "and the mail and—"

His last words were lost in a sudden heavy explosion on the smoke-hidden lighter; then in another, still louder.

A vivid column of flame shot toward the sky, then fell back in burning streaks on the glassy waters of the cove. The next instant the amazed wireless crew was looking at a brightly illumined shore; the oil was blazing in patches on the water wherever it had fallen. "Gasoline drums blew up!" Stanfield muttered.

"Say!" Roger exclaimed. "Look at the stuff spread, will you? Almost to shore there—and where's old Woolly?" "The buoy!" shouted Pemberton. "He made it—but the stuff's all round him!" They saw the iron buoy surrounded by slowly closing patches of burning oil; to it clung the old cook looking in terror this way and that.

"Swim for it!" the chief shouted.

But the cook either was blinded or hurt, or else too badly frightened to move. He clung to the iron rings of the buoy and stared at the approaching line of flame on the water. The shock of the explosion on the punt had sent the oil in wide circle, and the patches were joining rapidly; as more oil spread from the burning wreck the blazing sea grew thicker.

Roger was trying to understand what his friends behind were clamoring about. Some wanted to turn back into the burning oil to rescue the West Indian; others were shouting to the old man to swim for it.

"No use to drive the launch in there," shouted Pemberton. "We'd lose it, too—and all our grub!"

Roger was sending the launch swiftly out round the area of burning oil. The old lighter, a for-a-ain of fire and smoke, was pouring flame over the water as the barrels burned away. But the crew stared at a old Woolly, who still clung to the buoy, with the blazing patches of oil apparently not five yards from him.

"Lost his nerve!" shouted Roger.

"Well, here goes! I can beat the oil to him—I think!"

He had slipped out of his shoes and his trousers; as Stanfield took the wheel from him, the boy dived over the bow and struck back for the buoy. There was no better swimmer among the natives than the Northern boy. As he cleaved his way among the blazing oil pools his motion drew the fire behind him. Now the flames were dead ahead. Like a muskrat Roger dived straight down; then—opening his eyes under the water—he found himself swimming through a glorious red and yellow sea. The crystal-clear water of the cove was illuminated by the burning oil craft. Roger saw the buoy's anchor chain, made straight for it and came up gasping for breath at old Woolly's side.

"What's the matter? Get out of 'his,' the boy cried.

"O Marsa Roger—which way out? I've been blinded!"

Roger saw that the old Indian's face was seared by the exploding oil. He did not waste any time arguing, for the flaming patches were not six feet away. "Dive for it, Woolly!" he yelled.

"Here, guide by my hand!"

He tore the old man's hands loose from the buoy rings. The smoking, blazing oil was licking up the other side of the buoy, which was rocking under the struggles of the boy and the West Indian; then the fire closed in on both sides. "Down!" gasped Roger, and jerked Woolly back and under the water.

Getting his bearings by the shadows shoreward, the boy swam through the golden water. The old Indian struggled onward at his side. When Woolly staggered off, Roger jerked him on the course. At last Woolly was reeling to surface, and Roger followed him. Their arms came up through the fiery oil; a gasp, a choke in the smoky air, and they dived again.

Roger thought he made out the curving shore line and poked his companion in the ribs. But as they in frenzy swam under the sheet of fire, once more their bursting lungs forced them above. Roger thrashed the fire back, right and left, exhaled, got another mouthful of smoky air and disappeared close over his shoulder.

But presently he noticed a streak of shadowy water on his left, and, seizing Woolly's arm, he drew him toward it. The next time they came up it was in free dark water, and both, turning over on their backs, drew in the pure, sweet air. The shore everywhere was illumined by the oil-filled cove, and they saw the launch coming slowly in. "All right!" yelled Roger. "We're ashore now—come on!"

The crew gave a shout of delight. Woolly's eyes were not seriously injured, but his brows, lashes and gray mop of hair were singed. Roger was all right except for a slight shoulder burn.

"I guess we can pull through until the next ship without any more oil," said Roger with a grin. "But with two months of perfectly good grub or land now, Mr. Pemberton, I certainly 'thought we had to save our cook!'"

## FANWOOD

The Fall school term closed with the Christmas Festival on Friday afternoon, December 16th.

The entertainment is a great delight to the smaller children, and enjoyed just as well by the older pupils. Preparations for the event were under the general supervision of Dr. Fox, assisted by three committees:

Entertainment.—Miss Teegarden, Miss Scofield, Miss Berry and Mrs. Nurk.

Decorations.—Miss Otis, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Dedrick and Miss Dolph.

Gifts.—Miss Bost, Miss Peck, Miss Judge and Mrs. Nies.

Among those who remembered the pupils, who remained at the Institution for the Christmas holidays, were the parents of one of our new children, who provided a crate each of oranges and apples; St. Bartholomew's Sunday School children, who sent toys and games; and friends of another of our parents, who sent candy, toys, and games.

### CHRISTMAS IN THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

Following a custom of many years standing the children of the Kindergarten and Primary Department made gifts this year for their mothers and friends. During the two weeks before the closing day of school the fingers were flying and earnest little faces were bent lovingly over the tasks in hand. On the fifteenth all the completed gifts were assembled in one of the classrooms, and the pupils of the upper grades were invited to inspect the exhibit of handwork.

Miss Burke's class showed some very creditable work in cross stitch embroidery. Many of the designs were original having been worked out first on paper with colored pencils. Mrs. Phillips' pupils had searched the pages of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Woman's Home Companion*, *Good Housekeeping*, etc., and had clipped from them the most fascinating food pictures with recipes attached. These were mounted in book form with the aid of loose-leaf rings, making attractive and useful gifts for mother. Mrs. Harrington's pupils made shipping bags and this work involved some very careful cutting and sewing. The bags were made of burlap and the decorations consisted of bright and cheery designs of colored oilcloth.

Mrs. Iles' pupils had a varied display ranging from attractive painted trays and painted boxes to four inch dolls wearing scarves tied in generous bows. Any one of the children was prepared to explain that the scarf of his doll changed color, indicating the change in the weather.

Miss Walton's pupils displayed what appeared at first glance to be a miniature library, but the "books" turned out to be boxes of safety matches in disguise. Mrs. Swart's pupils had made attractive table-mats of black oilcloth decorated with colored pictures. Mrs. Voorhees' children had painted tea canisters in a lovely shade of light blue. Mrs. Fox's children made holders for hot dishes. Miss Forsythe's afternoon children made calendars decorated with snapshot pictures of themselves. Members of her morning class, the babies, made wall pockets of silver paper decorated with silhouette designs.

On the door of the school library was discovered a large sign reading, "Santa Claus' Toy Shop." Girls from the sewing room were on guard here and admitted only the older pupils and their teachers to view the interesting display inside. In this room Santa Claus had assembled the gifts which he was to distribute to his little friends on the following day in the Chapel. We noted balls, tops, games, balloons and books, but most fascinating of all was the display of dolls. We were told that there were thirty-two dolls in the group, also that Santa Claus had enlisted the services of Miss Hall and her sewing-room girls, which accounted for the very charming and up-to-date costumes worn by the dolls.

Old man depression does not seem to have affected gift-giving as far as the children are concerned.

With most of the Institution family gone for the holidays, there is an air of quietness around the school. Some of the holiday activities noted are that Superintendent Skyberg and his family spent the week-end of Christmas at the home of Mrs. Skyberg's brother at St. Alban's, L. I. Mrs. Slockow entertained her son, his wife and her father from Massachusetts. Mr. Grubert spent his vacation at his home at Westfield, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Davis went to the home of Mrs. Davis' parents at Anville, Pa. Mrs. Nolen spent her vacation at the home of her sister in Plainfield, N. J. Miss Muirhead went to the home of her brother in Albany. Miss Judge is visiting with her former teacher, Miss

Burchard, in Oxford, N. Y. Miss Craig has gone to the family homestead in Magnolia, Pa.

During the coming winter months, there will be no drills and military ceremonies, due to the cold weather, etc., but the band rehearsals are held as usual; and this is the time of the year that the members learn new selections of music and also rehearse the old. Several new marches, waltzes and other selections will be added to the repertoire of the band during this period. When Spring comes, new faces will be seen among the members, as there are several of the beginners making every possible effort to qualify. Raymond Dubey, a new pupil who came here at the beginning of the term, is very anxious to become a member of the band and he is learning how to play the bugle.

New members have been added to the Drum class, viz: Harold Altsitzer, Robert Anderson, Joseph Pecora, Lawrence Pagnatta, Henry Hoffman, William Ruth and John Lang. Herbert Williams, whose home is in Beacon, N. Y., has taken up the study of the saxophone. He expects to learn how to manipulate the numerous keys connected with it in a very short time and then to become a full-fledged member of the Band. Victor Desimone has been assigned to the beginners' class and given a cornet to play.

On Sunday evening, December 11th, the Band entertained the congregation of the Broadway Temple, located at 174th Street and Broadway. They pleased the audience. Dr. Reiser, pastor of the Church, paid the boys a very high tribute, stating also that he felt very grateful to Colonel Skyberg for allowing the Band to participate in the service.

John P. Gruet, "The Northville Printer," educated at Fanwood and also a graduate of its School of Printing, sends the following neatly printed or a United States Postal Card:

### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

A heck of a card I hear you say.  
To send a friend on Christmas Day.  
It isn't adorned with gilt or gold;  
It wasn't bought where cards are sold.  
It's not put up in a fancy case;  
It doesn't show old Santa's face;  
It isn't embossed with fancy type;  
It's just as plain as pickled tripe.  
The other side—this is no sham;  
Was printed by our Uncle Sam,  
But though it's plain, it is sincere  
In wishing you all Christmas Cheer.

The following clipping is of interest:

Greetings and all good wishes to Principal Thomas F. Fox, of the Fanwood (New York) school. Superintendent Skyberg could not have made a better choice had he searched the wide world over. We think that Dr. Fox is the fifth deaf principal of schools in our country, the other four being Dr. Long, of Iowa; Dr. Smith, of Minnesota; Mr. Zimble, of Arkansas, and Mr. Stegmeten, of the Overseas (Maryland) school. Miss Edith Fitzgerald is associate principal of the Virginia school. If there are any others, we would like to hear of them.

The Deaf Oklahoman.

Superintendent and Mrs. Skyberg entertained at dinner on Sunday, December 11th, Miss Elizabeth Peet, Dean of Women of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.; also Dr. and Mrs. Nies and Winifred, James and William. Miss Peet came to New York to deliver a lecture before the National Association of the Deaf.

On Tuesday night, Superintendent and Mrs. Skyberg were the guests of Assistant Superintendent and Mrs. Van Tassel at the fall concert of the Rubinstein Society of New York City. Mrs. Van Tassel has been an active member of this club for many years. The concert was a most delightful musical treat.

On the evening of Friday, December 2d, Dr. Fox lectured before the members of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf, at the Community Center at 91st Street, his subject being "The Importance of Preparation and Patience" in meeting the requirements of daily life. An interested audience was in attendance and appreciated his address.

On Wednesday morning, December 7th, Superintendent and Mrs. Skyberg took their tests for automobile license. Inasmuch as they returned home smiling, it would appear that the experience was not quite as formidable as was anticipated. They have since received notice that they passed the test.

Among the various improvements to be observed around the Institution buildings are the hand rails on the steps leading to the front porch on the Main Building, and on the stairway leading to the Chapel.

There was a real good snowstorm Saturday, the 17th, which covered the school grounds six inches deep. Snow in the city does not last long, being quickly removed, or turns to slush. But at Fanwood it remains on the ground longer and stays clean.

On Tuesday morning, December 6th, Mrs. John D. Peabody, Secretary of the Ladies' Committee, and Mrs. John F. O'Brien, a member of the committee, visited the school.

A game of basketball was played between the Fanwoods and a team from St. Ann's Church for the Deaf on December 10th. The Fanwoods won 48 to 12.

The next game on our schedule is with the Margat Club the afternoon of January 7th, in our gymnasium.



## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

### XAVIER EPHPHETA SOCIETY

The Xavier Ephpheta Society Basketball and Dance Committee has at last applied the finishing touches to its program for its affair at the Lyceum on January 28th. It has signed up that strong and clever quintet which annually has sported the insignia of the Margraf Club. For several years the Committee had been watching this outfit as a prospective and worthy opponent of the Deaf-Mute Union League, and this year X. E. S. is proud to announce that both teams have been matched. Therefore our friends are assured of the same high-class playing as heretofore.

The opening game will be between Fanwood A. A. and Lexington A. A. This will give Dr. Taylor's proteges another chance to even honors this year, and, incidentally, to win the coveted Father McCarthy Memorial Trophy. This year's trophy will be far and away the best offered, and the most artistic and beautiful ever seen in Metropolitan New York.

The Tug-of-War for Fraternal societies is always amusing, so it is repeated this year by demand. Cash prizes will be offered, though the division winning may have the option of accepting a banner.

The Dancing Contest will attract the lithe and light of feet as always anticipated. The committee looks forward to doubling the number of partners from that of last year, which was nearly 100. Each partner of the winning team will receive a loving cup.

Almost 800 general-admission and the full 300 reserved-seat tickets are out among the members awaiting buyers. The Lyceum is well-known to comfortably hold 2,000, and it is one of the most beautiful public halls in the city.

This affair is for the benefit of "Ephpheta Good Works," which means its charities. This has been a part of the society's work for the past thirty-one years. Ten per cent, however, will go to the Local N. A. D. Convention Fund.

### UNION LEAGUE OFFICERS

On Thursday evening, December 15th, the Deaf-Mutes' Union League held its regular monthly business meeting, and at the conclusion elected new officers for the year of 1933.

Nearly 200 were present. It was after eleven o'clock that the business of the evening was concluded.

Mr. Eddie Baum was appointed inspector to conduct the election, and was given four other members to assist him.

The result was as follows: President, Joseph F. Mortiller (re-elected); Secretary, Nathan Schwartz, (re-elected); Treasurer, Samuel Lowenberg; Board of Governors, Harry Goldberg, Jacob Ebin, Benjamin Friedwald, Benjamin Mintz and Arnold A. Cohn.

At this meeting the Christmas gifts were announced: To Charles Mueller, the custodian of the rooms \$10; to each of the three members of the House Committee, \$5.00; to the janitor of the building, \$5.00.

### H. A. D.

Rev. Harold Guttman, Associate Rabbi of Temple Israel, was the guest speaker at the H. A. D. Forum on December 23d. This Friday, the 30th, Mr. Kenner will occupy the platform, followed by Dr. Fox on January 6th. "Pleasure Before Business" is the title of the main screen film of the next movie show on Sunday evening, January 1st. Several mechanical improvements have been installed, which will remedy some of the objectionable features and contribute to the pleasure of all who attend. The unique title of the main picture is doubtless a happy augury.

### "Press On"

This is a good slogan for the National Association of the Deaf Local Committee, who are working for the success of the Convention to be held in this city, July 24 to 29, 1933, and at the same time do away with the word Depression. Eliminate the first two letters and then also drop the letter i, and you have "Press On."

On Monday night, November 28th, the body of a man, who was struck at Bloomfield and Clinton Avenue, Newark, N. J., and died on Wednesday, November 30th, in St. Michael's Hospital, was identified by District Judge Anthony F. Minisi, of Irvington, N. J., as that of his brother-in-law, Anthony Petoia, a deaf-mute printer, of 533 North Sixth Street, so reports the Newark News.

Petoia was crossing the intersection, Judge Minisi said, when he was struck by a light truck driven by William Logan of 91 Sunset Avenue who, the judge said he was informed, was passing on the left side of a trolley car. Logan was arrested on a charge of manslaughter.

Petoia was taken to the hospital, where a card bearing the name of Anthony Petoia was found in his clothes

## CHICAGO

as the only identification. Police investigation revealed that it might be the brother-in-law of the judge.

Besides his wife, Mrs. Catherine Petoia, Mr. Petoia is survived by three children, Anna, 13, Mildred, 12, and Hazel, 10. He leaves also his mother, Mrs. Filomena Petoia, six sisters, one of whom is Mrs. Minisi, and a brother, Patrick. All of his relatives but two sisters are residents of Newark. Judge and Mrs. Minisi live at 336 Clifton Avenue.

Mr. Petoia was employed as a linotype by the *Pasiao Daily News*. The funeral took place on Friday, December 3d.

### U. L. CHRISTMAS PARTY

On Monday afternoon, December 26th, the Deaf-Mutes' Union League held its second children's Christmas party, for children of its members.

Last year it was for children up to twelve years of age, and nearly 100 attended.

This year it was limited to children up to ten years, and instead of less, there were more—130 were there.

Shortly after 2:30, Santa Claus (Mr. Nathan Schwartz) was seen as the screen on the stage was removed, working at his work-table on some toy.

The committee in charge, who, by the way, provided excellent entertainment throughout the year, then got busy.

There was no confusion—they had previously obtained names and ages of all the children and arranged the presents accordingly.

As Chairman Mintz announced the name of a child, Santa was given a toy to present to said child.

Jack Seltzer, to one and all of the children, presented a box of Christmas candy. The first to be served were the babies in the arms of their nannies. With one or two exceptions, they were frightened at the sight of Santa, but not at the box of candy handed them.

The older ones, acted differently. They eagerly approached Santa and conversed with him—orally, of course, or Santa can hear somewhat good.

For his untiring work during the year, in re-habilitating the rooms for the first last May, without being compensated or expecting to be, President Joseph F. Mortiller was presented with a check for twenty-five dollars as a Christmas present.

The committee in charge were: Benjamin Mintz (chairman), Jack Seltzer (secretary), Solomon Isaacson (treasurer), Aaron Hurwitz, and Paul Murtagh. This was, next to the boat ride, their hardest undertaking. This committee still has another annual anniversary celebration of the affair to manage—the forty-seventh League, to be held in January.

Mr. Abe Stein, on the 29th of December, will go to Hurlville, N. Y., for his annual winter vacation. This year he will be accompanied by his mother's family. They have engaged rooms at the Morningside Hotel in that winter resort and expect to spend two or three weeks there. Mrs. Abe Stein, who accompanied him last year, prefers the atmosphere of Manhattan, so will stay here.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Frankheim, a baby-boy, on Tuesday, December 20th, 1932, weighing 3½ pounds. Mother and babe, in the Park West Hospital, are doing well. Mr. Frankheim has been congratulated on all sides on the birth of an heir, who is to be known as Samuel, Junior.

Joseph Worzel announces that all deaf students, whether they come from schools or colleges, will be admitted at the Basket Ball and Dance of the Lexington Alumni Association to be held in the 7th Regiment Armory, on Saturday, January 21st, 1933, for twenty-five cents.

Mrs. Minnie Fisher Norman, beloved stepmother of Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner, passed away recently. She was known to quite many of the deaf who had occasion to meet her, as a cultured woman of rare tact and charm.

Robert Greenmun, a Freshman at Gallaudet College, is staying with friends in Brooklyn during the holidays, and has been much in evidence at all the social affairs in town.

Mr. Kenneth Muir has passed away and is buried in Greenwood Cemetery. He was forty-two years of age, and a graduate of the Wright School. Cause of death was pneumonia.

Mrs. Moe E. Josephs, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and her two boys, are spending the Christmas holidays in Philadelphia Pa., with her mother.

On Saturday, December 31st, 1932, the Deaf-Mutes' Union League will hold a Watch Night for members and their ladies only, and possibly a few invited guests.

Joseph Graham is to go on a fishing trip, and has promised to scribe a couple of the many he is going to deprive the Atlantic of late this month or early in 1933.

The Flu has held ye scribe abed the past week, and what should have been recorded last week is sent in now.

Sunday, December 18th, was Movie Night at the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. The attendance was 167.

## The Span of Life

The span of life, the total possible number of years from birth to death, in man is about a hundred years. It remains a constant quantity throughout the ages. The people of today have no greater span of life than the people of ancient history, the Greeks, the Hebrews, or the Egyptians.

Incorporated under the Laws of Illinois in 1905, and dedicated on June 17, 1923, this Home, which is located at 4539 South Parkway, Chicago, has steadily maintained its service to the present.

The following is an excerpt taken from the said folder:

The home owns a three-story and basement, grey-stone front and hand-pressed brick residence of twelve rooms, oak finished, with a hot water heating plant, and a large two-story hard-pressed brick garage, which were purchased for thirteen thousand dollars and decorated and improved at an outlay of twelve hundred dollars.

The home has an endowment fund of thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, which is invested in bonds and bank savings, bringing about two thousand dollars annually under favorable business conditions.

The home has the treasurer bonded and his account audited every year by a certified public accountant.

The home is maintained as follows:—By the interest income of the Endowment Fund.

By cash and memorial gifts; proceeds of bazaars, picnics, special drives, dances, suppers, card parties and other entertainments.

By one-half of the annual membership dues paid by members to the Illinois Association, and also patron membership fees sent by friends to the Home treasurer.

By donations of fruit, vegetables, eggs, canned fruits, jellies and other eatables sent by friends to the Home.

The home cares for fourteen residents at present. It has admitted twenty-one applicants since the date of dedication. Six of them have passed to the Home beyond. One has withdrawn. It also keeps two women; under the age limit, working for their room and board.

The home employs a matron and superintendent and a housekeeper on a salary basis.

The home allows an average monthly budget of about three hundred and ninety dollars.

The Home has received during the past fiscal year as follows:—

Interest	\$1,147 49
Donations	262 00
Memorial Fund	128 00
Patron Membership Dues	14 00
Bazaars	328 02
Picnics	74 59
Meals	35 41
Card Parties and Lectures	206 25
Gifts	126 00
I. A. D. dues	105 10
Gallaudet Day Drive	314 50
Thanksgiving and Christmas	88 37
Fund	648 42
Miscellaneous	5,000 00
Legacy	5,000 00

The Home has disbursed during the same year, as follows, in round figures:—

Groceries, meats, milk, cream and bakery goods	\$1,680 00
Coal, light, gas, phones and car fares	730 00
Household	125 00
Personal service	1,418 00
Repairs, decorating, renovating	126 00
Miscellaneous	375 00

Of course, this Home has not escaped the blighting effects of the universal depression. Even if it is supposed to have a monthly budgeted allowance, its funds are far behind the required figure. Being dependent on outside sources, it is more than ever urgent that the help without stint be accorded to it.

Mrs. Alice Peppin slipped and fell on the icy sidewalk, December 10th, fracturing her ankle. She was taken to the hospital for treatment.

The mother of C. Selby, a blind deaf-mute, died last November, aged eighty-two. She leaves him alone at the Home for the Old English people, without any deaf inmates to talk with him. It would be better for him to be taken to the Home for Aged Deaf.

As New Year's Day will fall on Sunday, and this holiday will be celebrated on the following day, the Catholic deaf will hold a Christmas party at C. S. D. house on Monday, January 2d (afternoon and evening).

At the meeting of M. E. Ladies' Aid Society, December 7th, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Georgia Hasenstab; First Vice-President, Mrs. Dora McCoy; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Onaida Stephens; Third Vice-President, Mrs. L. Barr; Re-elected Secretary, Mrs. Roth Dunn; Re-elected Treasurer, Mrs. Ruth Sharpnack; and Re-elected Society's Visitor, Mrs. Freida Meagher.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of N. F. S. D., elected No. 1, Mrs. Fannie Meinken, President; Mrs. Roth Dunn, (re-elected) Vice-President; Mrs. C. Disz, Secretary; Mrs. Fred Young, Treasurer; Mrs. Charles Stewart, Sergeant.

A "500" bunco and movies party will be held by Ephpheta Social Center at the Ephpheta School for the Deaf, Sunday afternoon, January 8th. Games will start at 3 p.m., and movies at 8 p.m. Admission, thirty-five cents.

### WISCONSIN NOTES

The Beloit Vocational basketball won with ease from the Wisconsin State school five Friday night, 35 to 16.

The Vocals have a great collection of former high school stars, who have played long enough together to show good team work and a tight defense.

Superintendent T. Emery Bray, of the Wisconsin deaf school, accompanied by some of the pupils of the State school, addressed the Evansville Parent Teachers' Association Wednesday evening. The pupils gave a demonstration of some of their work.

### THIRD FLAT

3348 W. Harrison Street.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

## Playing Possum

A few years ago, writes a contributor, my father brought a young possum to the house intending to fatten and kill it. Turning it loose in the kitchen, he told my mother that he would fix a place for it the next morning.

Of course, the children were anxious to tame and pet it; so we spread a newspaper on the floor in front of the cupboard, under which the young animal had retreated. On the paper we placed a saucer of bread and milk, an apple and a potato.

The next morning the first thing that the children thought of was the possum; but oddly enough they could not find him, though the bread and milk and the apple had been eaten, except for a small piece: even the newspaper was missing. We all joined in the search but without success, and finally we concluded that the creature had escaped from the house.

The following morning, however, we were astonished to find that three or four eggs from the day's taking, gathered under the kitchen cabinet, had been eaten. It seemed that the possum had not left the house after all.

Again we searched; "we looked behind and beneath almost every piece of furniture in the house and even took a lantern and searched the garret. At last, reluctantly, we were obliged to cease our efforts. Apparently the animal was able to enter and leave the house somehow.

That night I was awake with a severe toothache. Some time after everyone was asleep I heard a peculiar stir and rustle in the kitchen. Slipping out of bed and tiptoeing to the door of the dining room, which led to the kitchen, I hastily struck a match; in the glare I caught a glimpse of a furry object as it leaped from the cabinet to the floor and glided away into the darkness. Striking another match, I made sure that all doors that led from the kitchen were fastened. Then, pleased with my discovery, I went back to bed; it would, I thought, be an easy task to find the possum in the morning.

But morning revealed nothing; we could not find him. Since the day was Saturday, I began as usual to clean. In one corner of the kitchen stood a washstand that we had made from a cracker box; a partition divided it into two compartments.

In the lower part we kept a large washbowl; in the upper part was a pitcher to match and various other articles, which we seldom used. I drew the washstand away from the wall to remove the contents and clean them. As I took hold of the pitcher I was astonished at the weight of it. Placing it on the floor, I looked inside; there seemed to be nothing there except a piece of newspaper. I took it out, and what did I see but the possum!

Removing him, we found also several articles that we had missed. He had made a comfortable bed of a towel, a scarf, a pair of mittens and the newspaper. Not having the heart to keep the little fellow a prisoner any longer, we gave him his freedom.—*Youth's Companion*.

## The Wild Burros of the Sonoran Desert

In the southwestern mountain and deserts, writes Dr. William T. Hornaday, the common donkey becomes a burro and takes on a mild wild-west flavor. He is the silent partner of the tired and hungry prospector and the luckless pack animal of the rainless lands. He looks like a philosopher, and most of the time he must act like one or die.

Once upon a time, while running loose in Sonora, old Mexico, I strayed into the neighborhood of a lot of wild burros and became intimately acquainted with them. They lived along the middle section of the Sonoyta River, between the Sonoyta Oasis and Pinnacle Peak, near the boundary between Mexico and the United States.

There were perhaps fifty of those animals, and they made it quite clear that they would have no dealings with us. They were wilder than the mountain sheep that we found later on. To obtain water when the Sonoyta River was dry they did just what the wild zebra herds do in British East Africa under similar circumstances. They selected the most promising spots in the dry river bed, and with their front feet dug holes down to where water was held fast on beds of waterproof clay. We saw several of their waterholes, some wet and some dry; the usual depth was about three feet.

But, though these burros had nothing to do but to graze, and search for water, they were not altogether happy. They longed for good society. At night when our horses had been picketed in the best grass available, and the campers had settled down in their sleeping bags, those burros would draw nigh and pour out their loneliness in wailing hee-haws that rang afar over the plain. It sounded like the lamentations of lost souls floating around in space.

Those renegade burros actually longed for social contact with the civilization that they had flouted and scorned. As we lay in our places, all undisturbed, they would gallop all round our camp, while we hoped that their hoofs would not land on our stomachs.

## Drinking Water from Sea Ice

No one doubts that the ocean is salt. It seems reasonable to suppose therefore that the ice of salt water must also be salt, but the inference is only partly correct—a fact that many polar explorers, says Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson in the "Friendly Arctic," have never found out.

When sea ice forms it is salty, though perhaps not quite so salty as the water from which it is made. During the winter it probably loses a certain amount of salt, though even April and May ice formed during the previous October is still too salty for ordinary use in cooking. In June and July, when rains begin and the snow melts, little rivulets, trickling here and there over the ice, form a network of lakes connected by channels of sluggishly flowing waters whose ponds and streams are not salt, and when they freeze the following year the ice from them will supply the purest water possible both for cooking and for drinking. So the polar explorer need never fear for his water supply.

Here, says the *Argonaut*, is an extract from a hotel prospectus in Switzerland:

"Weissbach is known as the favorite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude. Persons in search of solitude are, in fact, constantly flocking here from the four quarters of the globe."

## Protestant-Episcopal Mission

Diocese of Washington and the State of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. H. Lorraine Tracy, General Missionary, 810 E. Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—St. Mark's Church, A and 3d Streets, S. E. Services first and third Sundays, 3 p.m.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel Sunday, 11 a.m. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 a.m.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church, Services fourth Sunday, 3 p.m.

Burg, Norfolk, Danville, Roanoke, New and Beverly Streets, Services Second Services by Appointment—Virginia: Lynchport News and Staunton; West Virginia: Charleston, Huntington, Romney.

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE

Christmas is upon us at Kendall Green. The snow is slowly melting away. Several of the boys, fortunate enough to own skates, have gone skating at the Lincoln reflection pool. It was fun to skate, until the ice became too soft and park police prohibited skating.

An eagerly awaited man is the postman these days. Christmas mail, despite the depression, has been heavy as usual. One thing very noticeable was the one and a half-cent stamps affixed to greeting cards instead of a three-cent stamp.

Socials and good times prevail during the holidays. Many of the boys and girls living near Washington have taken advantage of the low excursion rates offered by transportation lines to go home.

Examinations results were announced late in the week and the usual story came out again. Some students were forgotten by Kris Kringle.

Mr. Eugene McConnell, '24, now printing instructor at the Iowa school, spent part of the Christmas vacation at Kendall Green, renewing acquaintances.

Mr. Max Friedman, '31, now a supervisor at the American School at Hartford, arrived on the campus just in time to see the Wilson Teachers' basketball game.

Playing a rough and tumble game, with many a bump mixed in between, Gallaudet scored its third win of the season last Friday night, at the expense of the Wilson Teachers college quintet, 34 to 27.

Eager to win, the Teachers played a fast and furious game and with some good guarding tied the Blues four times in the first half.

Both teams played a good game when it came to zone defense and were erstwhile equally matched in the first half.

In the third period Gallaudet ran wild, scoring 17 points, and getting a long lead, but the visitors came right back and tallied thirteen points before the gun barked the end.

Overeagerness on the part of both teams materially led to the great number of fouls committed. This with the small court prevented better playing and less personal contact.

Captain George Brown led the Blues to triumph with fourteen points.

By the time January rolls along, Gallaudet's first-string will be ready to toss baskets against the best of small college teams in this locality. Considering its strong schedule, it remains to be seen what the season will bring forth.

Steve Koziar again was a spark plug in the Blue guarding. Teamed with Heimo Antila, this pair picked the ball off the Wilson forwards' chests many times and kept the score down.

In a preliminary game the Junior Varsity lost at the hands of the Swann Service team, 24 to 19.

Gallaudet (34) Wilson (27)

	G	F	T		G	F	T
Brown, f.	6	2	14	Courtney, f.	5	1	11
J. Davis, f.	3	0	6	Fisher, f.	4	1	2
Burdette, c.	1	2	4	P. Fox, c.	0	2	9
Rayhill, g.	3	2	8	English(c), g.	1	2	4
Koziar, g.	0	0	0	Kerwin, g.	0	1	1
Antila, g.	0	2	2	Jill, g.	0	0	0

Totals 13 8 34 Totals 10 7 27

Score by quarters: 10 4 17 3—34

Wilson T. 8 2 4 13—27

Referee, O. Mitchell.

Holiday incidents.—Miss Grow sends holiday greetings to the Prep and Frosh boys and then flunking some of them in Latin. Clarence Olson, '34, getting up before dawn and staying up 'till midnight to study. We know, 'cause he zooms with us.

Abe Kruger worrying nights about basketball, the victory and financial ends of it. Kenneth Mantz buying warm mittens and then hitch-hiking to Detroit.

Some girls wearing sleeveless dresses to classes on cold days. The Senior Class succeeding in giving a new 16mm. movie projector to the college.

The ponies working overtime during examinations. Santa Claus' visit to the students despite the depression.

English Literature a stumbling block for some of the Juniors. All the Preps and Frosh going to Chapel to learn examination results.

A temperature of 6 above zero one morning and a rush for coats. John B. Davis disliking the name "Chic," although he comes from Chicago.

Alan Crammatte being self-appointed judge of disputes among the boys, yet without a barrister's license.

## St. Matthew's Lutheran Mission for the Deaf

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor  
192 Hewes Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Services for the deaf in sign-language every Sunday afternoon in the church, 177 South 9th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., at 3 p.m. The church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg bridge on South 9th Street between Driggs Avenue and Reobling Street.

Marcy Avenue is the nearest station on the Broadway Elevated.

Sunday School for the Deaf and instruction for adults in St. Matthew's Lutheran Parish House, at 145th and Convent Avenue, New York City, from 6:30 to 8 p.m. The rooms are located on the third floor of the Parish House, adjoining the Church.

When we're right we credit our judgment; when we're wrong we curse our luck.

"Anyone who is willing to listen gets credit for being a charming conversationalist."



